Glo. I serue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the house?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy worsted-stocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreson glasse-gazing superfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting slaue, one that would'st be a baud in way of good seruice, & art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least sillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monstrous fellow art thon, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac'st varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweest me, is it two daies agoe since I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moon shines, ile make a sop of the Moone-shine a'you, draw you whoreson cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring Letters against the King, & take Vanity the puppets part, against the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent.

Kent. Strike you slaue,
strike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther

Enter Edmund with h
Duke

Bast. How now, what's t

Ken. With you goodma
you, come on yong master.

Glost. Weapons, armes, w

Duke. Keepe peace vpon
what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers fro

Duke. What's your diffe

Stew. I am scarse in breat

Kent. No maruaile you h
wardly rascall, nature discl

Duke. Thou art a strange

Kent. I, a taylour sir, a
haue made him so ill, thou
trade.

Glost. Speake yet, how g

Stew. This ancient ruffia
of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Z
if you will giue me leaue, I
to morter, and daube the w
gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace sir, you beast

Kent. Yes sir, but anger h

Duke. Why art thou ang

Kent. That such a slaue a
That weares no honesty, su
Like Rats oft bite those co
Which are to intrench, to
That in the natures of their

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